# MY NUGGET POKE

BY

DONALD A. FRASER

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# MY NUGGET-POKE

*A Selection of Sonnets and Other Short Poems*

*By*

DONALD A. FRASER

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Donald C. Fraser.

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# THE SONNET

A good sonnet may be considered as one of the choicest jewels in a poet's casket of literary treasures. As a poetic form, the sonnet began its career in the Middle Ages, deriving its name from the Italian word *sonneto*—a little sound. The first poet to use the poetic form was Piero delle Vigne, who flourished previous to 1294. As a poetic form it rapidly became popular with the singers of the Romance Languages, owing, no doubt, to the great wealth of rhymes inherent in those tongues. Dante to his Beatrice, and Petrarch to his Laura, used its fourteen lines of verbal music for enshrining their intensest emotions, and their most impassioned rhapsodies; in fact the sonnets of the latter poet are still held up to the modern disciples of the Poetic Art, as the model of a master most worthy of imitation by a sonnet-writer of today.

The first among the English poets to use the sonnet form was Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503-1542); and Edmund Spenser, not long after, (1552-1599) prefaces his great work, The Fairy Queen, by dedicating it to seventeen of his friends and patrons, with a separate sonnet to each of them. Shakespeare (1564-1616) left a long list of 154 sonnets, all written on the same model, since known by his name. Milton, too, was a writer of sonnets and he, too, had an influence on its shaping. But the Great Sonneteer, *par excellence*, of English Literature was William Wordsworth (1770-1850). His sonnet, "On Westminster Bridge" forms my ideal of what a Petrarchan Sonnet ought to be.

Notable sonnets have come from the pens of John Keats, Percy Bysshe Shelley, and Alfred Tennyson, and from the pens of some of our Canadian poets, such as Archibald Lampman, Duncan Campbell Scott, and Robert Norwood, have come sonnets that any one of the poets of the Motherland herself would have been proud to have penned.

# I.

## THE ALTAR AND THE GIFT

*(Read upward, Reader, in order of the Numbers to the Left.)*

14. 'Tis this on which our Readers' Souls shall feed!
13. Like smoke and incense with our heart-felt prayer;
12. So now should rise the essence of our Creed.
11. For which we built the Altar with such care,
10. This Sestette is our Holy Gift indeed,
9. Now, lay our Off'ring on this Altar there:

8. For here's an Octave-Altar, best or worst!
7. And we are filled with quiet lyric mirth,
6. by Sonnet-rules and comely rhymes, like "girth,"
5. And then begins the second quatrain, nursed
4. We'll realize we've built Foundation-first!
3. For, as the verses rise above the Earth,
2. And upward read in order of their birth,
1. I think a Sonnet's lines should be reversed,

*I call this a "Constructional" Sonnet. It is intended to show the plan and purpose of a sonnet, by making one after the Petrarchan model.*

# II.

## JANUARY

*This sonnet was the first of a series of twelve sonnets, representing the Months as young Maidens, pictured as accompanied by their characteristic features, and named by me "The Maiden Months."*

A laughing Maiden, January stands,
  Bedecked in all her snowy mantle fair;
  The sunlight glints upon her golden hair,
And sleeping branches fill her warm-gloved hands.
The green Pines bend to her their quivering wands;
  The twitt'ring birds give forth their welcome rare;
  The fleecy clouds smile through the crystal air,
And Earth rejoices as she greets the Lands!

She comes to tomb the faded and the sere;
  To rest tired Nature after all her throes;
To cover up the blights of yesteryear,
  To heal Earth's sickness, and relieve her woes.
Thus January sees Earth's joy prevail;
Flings wide the Door, and bids the New Year "Hail!"

—Canadian Magazine.

# III.

## NIGHT

Fair, gold-crowned Day has drawn her crimson train
Through Western Gates, and pearly-mantled Eve
Has smiled on all things round; now does she leave,
And in her place comes sombre Night to reign,—
Dark Night, arrayed in shroud of sable stain,
But all bestrewn with golden dust of stars,
That makes her darkness beautiful, nor mars
Sweet Luna's splendor, as o'er Land and Main,
Her Torchbearer, she glides with silver feet.
Then over all the World a hush descends,
While weary Mortals sink in slumber sweet;
All Nature, high and low together blends
In blissful rest to wait the morning light,
And silently enjoy the boon of Night!

August, 1901. —*The Week*, Victoria, B.C.

My first attempt at a sonnet.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# IV.

## TO THE DUKE OF CORNWALL AND YORK

*(Afterwards King George V.)*

All Hail to thee! Our King's beloved Son!
A Nation all united bids thee Hail!
From Sea to Sea, and from the Ice-bergs pale
To Southern Line, to thee our hearts are One!
As long as we our earthly course do run,
Our loyalty unswerving shall be given
To Britain's King, our Sov'reign under Heaven,
And Empire Great, on which ne'er sets the Sun!

View, then our Land from Ocean Shore to Shore;
Its lakes and rivers, mountains, forests green;
Its rolling Prairies, and its mineral store:
A Land more glorious thou hast never seen;
Then, Home returning to thy Sire thou'lt bring
A Nation's homage to a Nation's King!

Oct. 1, 1901 —*Daily Times*, Victoria, B.C.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# V.

## LOVE'S TOURNEY

As Knight of Eld, when jousting in the Lists,
Did raise his eyes to meet his Lady's smile,
And therein find new strength of Arm; no guile
Might then o'ermatch him while her gaze he wists:
Also do I, when battling in Life's mists,
Yield to no dubious Fate a Homage vile;
I glance at thy dear Face, and its sweet wile
Lures me to dare the Power that resists!

O Love, then fix thy lustrous Eyes on me;
Vainly shall Fortune hurl her fiery Darts;
Encased in Love's own Magic Mail I'll be
Yon Crypt's indweller ere I own her arts!
Obeisance then, I'll do, with Victory,
Unto the Queen who rules my Heart of Hearts!

June 11, 1906 —*Canadian Magazine*, Toronto.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# VI.

## THE DOUGLAS FIR

Proud Monarch of the West's green-fringéd Hills:
Majestic Pillar of the Sunset Sky,
In grim, dark grandeur thou dost raise on high
Thy tap'ring head, to where the glory fills
The firmament. The roseate radiance thrills
My Soul not more than that weird Melody,
The Ocean Breeze awakes, mysteriously,
Among thy boughs, whenever that it wills.

Long Centuries have scored thy rugged side,
With gashes rude and deep; thy wounded heart
Has shed great tears, and these congealing, hide,
Or strive to hide, these gaping rents in part;
And Centuries more, thou still might'st stand in pride,
But envious Man now claims thee for his Mart!

Nov 1, 1907. —*Canadian Magazine*, Toronto.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# VII.

## TO A BUST OF SHAKESPEARE

This Brow was moulded with such massive Thought,
The Years have since been lost in wonderment,
And time and time they grateful Tribute brought
To this Great Gift of Wit, and Wisdom blent!
These were the Eyes that saw our World a Stage,
A-throng with Actors ardent on their Play;
To match their ecstasies of Love or Rage,
This Tongue spoke Words that thrill us still today!
Now, let these Ears ring with the meed of Praise,
Our fervent Souls would shout, or whisper low;
Mayhap shall live that Wreath of bronzen bays,
And from these Lips new Breath of Life outflow!
Love would remould, from these so god-like parts,
Those Deathless Features for our Shrining Hearts!

Feb., 1936. —*Daily Times*, Victoria, B.C.

A Shakespearean Sonnet.
Written for his birthday.

# VIII.

## OUTPOST

Here, where the Sun drops down into the Sea,
  Your Western Outpost flaunts gay Flags of Joy;
Her vibrant Guns belch forth their Loyalty,
  Her Folk, Love's Emblems fervently employ!

For every Bond of Empire we would bind,
  And every Tribute of Devotion pour,
In order that Your Majesties might find
  Our Far Columbia British to the Core!

When from this Royal Progress you return,
  With that sweet Crown of Memories to wear,
Whose every facet potently shall burn
  Its gentle fire to charm away dull care,

Then may Victoria be the Jewel Bright,—
The Apex of that Memory's Delight!

May 5, 1939. —*Alberta Year Book*, 1939.
A Shakespearean Sonnet.

Written as the King was making his way across
  Canada in 1939.

# IX.

## EXULTATION

I stood in sunshine on a breezy Hill,
And watched the Clouds float landward from the Sea,
While vibrant Gladness set the air a-thrill,
And surged and sang through every nerve of me:
I soared as on an Angel's golden wing,
To heights my Heart had never touched before,
Where wide I saw the door of Heaven swing,
And Joys Celestial throng the threshold o'er.
That moment was I purged of fleshly dross,
And my rapt Soul, forgetting Sin and Strife:
Forgetting, too, all sordid gain or loss,
Sang her high paean to the Lord of Life!
Down gleaming Stairs God led His Choiring Train,
And my exultant Heart sang glad refrain!

June 21, 1922. —*Churchman*, New York.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

On Beacon Hill, Victoria, B.C.

# X.

## SEPTEMBER

September comes to us with bounteous hand,
And, Oh, what glorious Gifts she does bestow!
All Fields and Trees with ripened riches glow;
Earth yields abundantly at her command!
By gaping Portals, see her stately stand
To watch the harvest wagons inward flow;
Her smiles increase as heaps the higher grow,
And Plenty seals the Garners of the Land!

O dear September, be your coming blest!
You are the sweet Replenisher of Home;
Your boons to us all fear of Want arrest;
We thank you for these Dowers of the Loam!
God set your task, you've compassed His behest;
Our Praise shall pulsate high as Heaven's Dome!

April 23, 1935. —*Daily Journal*, Edmonton.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XI.

## A MARKET-PLACE

Here Men have come to sell, and Men to buy,
  And chaffering goes on from morn till eve;
  A myriad noises flow and interweave,
And send their clamor to the patient sky.
The busy hours come on, and wax, and die,
  Each freighted with the most it could achieve,
  Then Countrymen shut up their packs and leave,
And Townsfolk to their homes sedately hie!

So do we see two classes here convene,
  Buyer and Seller on a common floor:
Man and his Brother close in converse keen,
  Soul touching Soul, each looking for a Door!
If Gold and Goods are all that pass between,
  Then each is poorer than he was before!

July 21, 1934. —*Onward*, Toronto.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XII.

## VANCOUVER

Serene I sit my mountain-girded Throne;
My regal feet the Western Ocean laves;
I beckon to the Orient o'er the waves,
And precious Argosies bring wealth unknown;
Across the land swift engines pant and groan
With far-brought freightings for my Store-house Caves;
The Mines and Forests teem with iron slaves,
Whose toil more Tribute adds to what I own.

I guard the Gate to Canada's Domain;
I am her Western Portal to the Sea;
A Queen of Commerce do I proudly reign!
Come, give your loving Homage unto me!
All who me serve, to honor I am fain,
And share with them all my Prosperity!

Dec. 26, 1925. —*Daily Province,* Vancouver.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XIII.

## HALIFAX

In her strong Castle by the Ocean Shore,
  Towered and pennoned on her swelling steep,
  Fair Halifax a watchful ward doth keep,—
A stately Guardian at our Eastern Door!
Seldom she frowns, more oft her arms implore
Rich Argosies from o'er the Atlantic Deep
  Into the shelter of her Coves to sweep,
Safe from the Storm-Fiend's clutch; the Tempest-Roar!

Gracious her air, for Time has been her Friend;
  Conscious her Pride; she knows her Record's clean;
What can we wish the Future Years to send?
  More Honors High, and Tasks that scorn the Mean'.
God from her bounds all Evil things forfend,
  And grant her Courage, as becomes a Queen!

Sept. 4, 1933. —*Centenary*, 1944.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XIV.

## TO MEMORY

O Memory, we thank thy pallid hand
  For gracious glimpses of the vanished days;
  Thou partest curtains of obscuring haze,
As though Time's edicts thou wouldst countermand!
Thou helpest us Life's buffets to withstand,
  For, as thy visions open on our gaze,
  Thou showest us by light on others' ways,
Our own grow plainer, or are surer planned.

We can live nobler when the Past we know;
  Look farther forward, as we see behind;
Into the Future we more grandly grow,
  When to the Past we are not wholly blind!
Thy Friendship, Memory, on us bestow,
  And cheer us onward with thy blessing kind!

March 7, 1931. —*Centenary*, Victoria.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XV.

## ARBUTUS

*(Arbutus Menziesii)*

All morn she sped, pursued by flaming Pan,
  Through the thick woods, nor knew which way she hied,
  The Dryad, scored and bleeding, shrieking, cried
Unto great Juno, praying as she ran.
With what despair, then, did she, halting, scan
  Right at her feet, the sea-cliffs, and the tide
  Laving their bases, and outspreading wide
To far horizons, where the sky began?

With arms upflung, she crouched for the last leap
  To chill oblivion in the tossing flood,
But Juno's hand uprose in godlike sweep,
  And, still as statue carved the Dryad stood;
When Pan rushed up, there crowned the rocky steep,
  Only a Tree, smooth-limbed, in thought a-brood!

Aug. 23, 1930. —*Daily Sun*, Vancouver.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XVI.

## THE CROWN IMPERIAL

Here is the very Flower of Britain's Might;
The Jewel Ultimate of her High Throne;
The Sovereign's Apanage, Supreme, Alone;
The Point and Pinnacle of Honor's Height!
How gleam the Precious Petals! Heaven's Light
Reveals no Diadem of lustrous stone
Surpassing this Grand Scintillating Zone!
Shall not all Britons glory in the sight?

Great Symbol of Majestic, World-Wide Power;
Crystallization of its Worth and Fame;
The Fortalice of Freedom, and the Tower
Of Virtues that adorn a Monarch's Name!
O God, in favor grant Thy Richest Dower!
Shout, Loyal Liegemen, shout your Glad Acclaim!

April 17, 1939. —*Saturday Night*, Toronto.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XVII.

## VICTORIA TO HALIFAX

O Sister City, by our Sister Sea,
I wave you Greeting o'er the linking Land,—
So far, so far,—I would my friendly hand
Could clasp with yours,—but Ah, that cannot be!
Yet stand we warders of our Homeland Free,
You at our Eastern Portal keep command,
And I at Western take my loyal stand,—
At Land's extremes stout Guardians both are we!

We watch to shun all War, and War's Alarms;
We watch to welcome Peace, and peaceful Trade;
All Argosies of Friendship are our charms,
But, should Foe come our Homeland to invade,
Duty would bid us stand to sternest Arms,
And fight till Death to form that Foe's blockade!

July 20, 1938 —*Daily Times*, Victoria.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XVIII.

## AN APRIL MORNING

All night sweet April shed her living tears,
So gently, softly, yet with steady power,
Now Morning dawns on tree, and grass, and flower,
Bedrenched and shining as the light appears!
In the lush Maple, Meadow-larks one hears
Tune up their broken fifes that song might dower
This day of Springtime true, this growing hour,
With music-notes that spell the joy of years!

As Noon approaches, no more showers fall;
A rift or two permits the sun to play
His shaft of light, a golden coronal,
To crown and brighten all the World's array!
Earth wakes more wonder with her magic call:
"Arise, O Wind! and blow the clouds away!"

April 20, 1937. —*Crown Anthology*, N.Y.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XIX.

## JOY AND SORROW

God has two servants whom He sends to try
  Each mortal, as he journeys on his way;
  Joy is the name of one, whose manner gay
Soon earns her welcome when she happens by.
But Sorrow, that sad other, chills the eye
  Of him whom she approaches; for her gray
  And sombre aspect does to few convey
The thought that she could e'er God's purpose ply.

They come to all, and all should greet them fair;
  To those who see in them God's Messengers,
    They bring bright Crowns of Blessing and of Good;
To those whose purpose melts in Laughter's blare
  Joy gives a Bauble; while those cowed by Tears,
    Stern Sorrow gives a Dagger dripping Blood!

June 29, 1919. —*Presbyterian and Westminster,*
A Petrarchan Sonnet. Toronto.

# XX.

## THE EVENING SACRIFICE

Day dies in flames upon the western hill,
  And radiant gleams of amethyst, and gold,
  And rose, and ruby, gloriously unrolled,
Flare up the sky, and o'er the World outspill.
The Evening Sacrifice! My Soul's a-thrill!
  My Day the Victim; I Priest's office hold,
  To make confession and desires unfold
Before the God who knows my heart and will.

Alas! My Victim's blemished; but I needs
  Must offer, for 'tis all I have to hand:
  God greet the gift, and pardon whate'er mars;
Grant absolution for my foolish deeds,
  And send me mercy by His blest command,
  Through all the calm clear eyes of moon and stars!

Aug. 19, 1918. —*Canadian Bookman*, Montreal.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXI.

## COLUMBUS

He dared and won, and winning dared again,
  He won and lost, and losing dared anew,
  For naught could daunt his spirit staunch and true,
Nor dim his faith in God, and Brother Men.
Where others saw a Waste, his Vision's ken
  Scanned a Wide Way to Realms of larger view,
  And, while the vision lured him on to do,
He needs must follow, though he perish then!

Fetters, and Bars and base Ingratitude,
  World's signet-marks to pledge his manly worth,
But served to steel his Purpose, and prelude
  The Glorious Fame that knows Eternal Birth!
Thy woes, Columbus, and men's actions rude,
  Have sealed thy Deeds upon the Hearts of Earth!

Aug. 8, 1913. —*Presbyterian and Westminster,*
A Petrarchan Sonnet. Toronto.

# XXII.

## IN A LIBRARY

*Written in Connaught Library,*
*Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.*

As at the Shrine of his departed Sires,
  Devoutly bows the Son of Old Cathay,
  To do them honor in his reverent way,
And make them partners in his fond desires;
So come I, with my Heart's deep, quiet fires
  Glowing and fragrant, humble meed to pay
  To those Great Minds of Time's vast Yesterday,
Whose rich bequest in Books my Soul inspires!

In these fair chambers where their Volumes stand,
  In many a rigid row, all patiently,
They seem to wait and crave my friendly hand,
  For, at my touch their Spirits wake in me
A thrill responsive, as the Sunset Grand
  Wakes kindred glories in the adoring Sea!

Aug. 29, 1920. —*Canadian Bookman*, Montreal
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXIII.

## O LAND OF MINE

O Land of Mine, wilt thou not, too, be God's?
  Wilt thou not shrive thee from thy Civic Sin,
  Till thou, all-pure, to Truth and Honor win,
All Baseness burying beneath the clods?
False is that Glory which the Vile applauds;
  Vain the advantage from all selfish din,
  Only endures what is to God akin;
Only is Substance what no Good defrauds!

O Land of Mine! build sure, and sound, and fair;
  Rear high thy pinnacles in Heaven's Might,
Then Happy Hearts shall climb thy Radiant Stair,
  And strong, clean Hands up-rear thy Shining Height;
The World beholding shall lift eyes of Prayer
  In thanks to God, for leading thee to Light!

Nov. 22, 1927. —*Homiletic Monthly, N.Y.*

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXIV.

## THE ROSE OF GLAMIS

The Rose of Glamis was fairest of the Fair;
The choicest Bloom on Scotia's Flowered Way;
The Future King walked sighing pensive there:
"That Rose must be my Own, some lovely Day!"

That Sweet Day came, and too, the Royal Throne,
With Love, and Work, and Duties Great and High,
Wherein the Rose bloomed fair, — still Fairest Known,
And Rosebuds soon the Glory glorify!

Came War, and frightful Horrors smote all Peace;
In Blood, and Death the Rose of Glamis outshone:
Beside the Throne it stood, nor asked Release
And proved itself the Fairest ever Grown!

Now all the Empire, under Pines and Palms,
Prays, "God of Heaven, bless Our Rose of Glamis!"

Aug. 11, 1941. —*Alberta Poetry Year Book,*
A Shakespearean Sonnet. 1942-1943.
To Her Majesty the Queen. Edmonton, Alta.

*Note.—Glamis is pronounced Glamz.*

# XXV.

## GEORGES

Saint George, once, mounted on his mail-clad Steed,
Rode in fierce charge against a Dragon Bold,
Whose rage had wasted Famous Lands of Old;
He thereby saved them in their Hour of Need!
In later days, another George's Deed
Of Stern Oppression sends Hired Troops to hold
His Restive Colony,—but Fates unfold
A Greater George, whose Sword, more potent, freed!

And late came riding in a gallant Car,
A Gentler George, who brought a Lovely Queen,
And through the Lands they waged a Joyous War,
While Cheering Millions owned their Sway Serene!
For Worth and Beauty much more Winning are,
Than Force and Fire, and Truer too, and Clean!

May, 1939.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

To His Majesty after his American Tour.

# XXVI.

## ASIA

Mother of Nations, and the Nurse of Art,
When Time first raised his eyelids on the World,
Thy smile was there to greet him. Then unfurled,
Like petals from thy Lotus' jewelled heart,
The buds of Faith and Knowledge, that impart
And spread their fragrance where'er winds have whirled,
O'er mount and plain, and isles in seas impearled,
Bringing a blessing into Home and Mart.

Now, Asia, to thy Tawny Sons in need,
Come Paler Pilgrims from the silver West,
Bearing the increase of thy Golden Seed
In Holy Vessels, and with loving zest;
To bind the Bands of Brotherhood in deed,
And crown with glad accord the ages' quest!

May, 1920. —*East and West*, Toronto, Ont

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXVII.

## AUTUMN RAIN

The Rain is pattering lightly on the leaves;
  Dull Mists are hanging heavy o'er the Lake;
  The dripping branches furtive music make,
Accordant with the Splashing from the eaves;
They tell that mourning Nature gently grieves,
  To see sweet Summer southward journey take
  To Warmer Climes, and leaving in her wake
This soft-breathed sadness that through all things
    weaves:

But Sadness, shot with mellow Gladness through,
  For all the long, dry Months, the sun-cloyed Earth
Has yearned a Draught that would her thirst undo,
  Assauge her longing, and relieve her dearth,
And now, 'tis here! no more will Droughts renew;
  Now comes the Moisture that brings inner Worth!

Sept. 6, 1926. —*National Home Monthly,*
A Petrarchan Sonnet. Winnipeg.

# XXVIII.

## ELECTRICITY

I come, I go; yet stay I all the while;
  Unseen, or seen, the whole Earth throbs with me;
  What am I? or from whence? or whither flee?
No living Brain can my clear course compile!
My Power is huge, yet subtle, too, as guile,
  And magical as ancient Wizardry;
  Here, there, at once; so quickly, quietly;
Scorning all height, or depth, or measured mile.

So Mighty, yet am I the Slave of Man,
  Who, like Aladdin, binds me to his Will:
A Child can with his finger, bid or ban;
  But, held or loosed, I am The Power still!
Knowledge shall sway me at her calm desire,
But, Ignorance, beware! Thou'lt feel my Fire!

June 28, 1927. —*American Mutual Magazine,*
A Hybrid Sonnet. Boston, Mass.

# XXIX.

## AT QUEBEC

Where Wolfe the Brave, and gallant Sieur Montcalm
  Gave each his blood to seal his thought of Right
  I, too, have stood and wondered if there might
Not come a time, when all my Life's sweet Balm
Would have to be outpoured, sans song or psalm,
  My Soul's libation, on some altared Height,
  In sullen gloom, or in fierce, blinding light;
Heedless of Coward's jeer, or Victor's palm!

If that day come, then let me stand with them!
  Yes, with them fall, if Destiny so bid!
Honor will give her secret Diadem;
  Duty strength whisper, though her face be hid;
My deathless Soul shall scorning Fear's black spawn,
Upright and eager, greet the Deathless Dawn!

July 26, 1929. —*Canadian National*, Toronto.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XXX.

## TO CHARLES MAIR
## ON HIS EIGHTY-EIGHTH BIRTHDAY

Like some strong Keep that held in times of Old.
  Our Country safe against Invading Foes,
  And now, time-worn and weathered, stately shows
Its Walls to Reverence and Love untold;
Or, like some Western Woodsman, hale and bold,
  That through a trackless Forest seeking goes,
  Hewing a Pathway with his sturdy blows,
That later Seekers bless when they behold;

So thou, Charles Mair, art in our grateful eyes,
  Now that Time's Snows upon thy temples throng,
Our tongues pay Tribute to thy Pen's emprise;
  Our Hearts thy Praise of Right; thy Scorn of Wrong;
These in our Land thy Name Immortalize,
  Hail, Canada's great Pioneer of Song!

July, 1926. —*Willison's Monthly*, Toronto.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXXI.

## IN MEMORIAM - - CHARLES MAIR

*Born—Lanark, Ontario, Sept. 21, 1838*
*Died—Victoria, B.C., July 7, 1927*

The Singer now hath laid aside his Lyre:
  Forever is that silver Voice at rest;
  The crumbled urn hath freed its wingéd Guest;
The Torch hath lost its flame of Living Fire!
But, never shall the coming Years desire
  To still the Music that his lips expressed,
  His Song shall echo on and on, in quest
Of Kindred Hearts to comfort and inspire!

No mute-held Sorrow shall bedim our eyes;
  No sable drapes of Woe our limbs array,
But, quietly our Gratitude shall rise,
  As gentle faces thank the ending Day,
To God above, to whom all things belong,
Who took the Singer, but hath left the Song!

July 15, 1927.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XXXII.

## THE OLD ROAD

I trod today a Road oft-trod in youth,
And on the backgrounds of old hills and skies,
Long-vanished Homesteads rose before my eyes;
Long-silenced Voices spoke again in truth:
For Memory has helping Fays, forsooth,
To search the caverns where her treasure lies,
And from dream-tatters bids old Visions rise,
Calming torn Heart-strings in their kindly ruth!

Tender the Thoughts that thronged along the way,
All Hates were dead, and Loves alone remained;
E'en the stark newness of the Road today
Was mellowed by the mists of years regained!
Life's every path its secrets will display
To him who has the eyes of Youth retained!

Aug. 26, 1933. —*New Outlook*, Toronto.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXXIII.

## BROWNING

A Great, Gaunt Crag, uprearing through the spite
Of thundering Tempests, and huge, crashing Seas;
Harsh, gloomy, bare, it thrusts its rugged height
Above the broil and strife, to where the breeze
Comes crimson-tinted from the rising Sun.
Man sees and says: "Behold, a Barren Cliff,—
A Dreary Desolation! No Good's done
By this Earth-blemish, staring, stark, and stiff!"
But through the murk there comes a Seeker nigh,
And with his pick he probes the Mountain's Breast,
And what he finds, he hails with joyous cry,—
Rich veins of Gold, and gems of lustre best!
Earth-blest it is from base to summit high,
And Lo! the smile of Heaven gilds its Crest!

Dec. 28, 1912. —*The Westminster*, Toronto.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XXXIV.

## CRUSADERS

He grasped his Cross-bepennoned Lance in hand,
  And cased his muscles in cold shining steel:
  With Sword and Shield of temper tried and leal,
He fared him forth to face the Paynim band.
No Doubt, for just his Cause: his Purpose grand:
  No Fear; Faith went unrivalled save by Zeal;
  Nor Pain, nor Death could make him Terror feel,
Could he but deal one stroke for Tomb or Land!

Alas, the Paynims are not vanquished yet;
  No dead Christ's Tomb in danger fires the World,
But furious Hosts have risen, keen to get
  The Living Christ's Ideals downward hurled.
Crusaders, rise! Shall Victory be set
On Banners in this Sinful Cause unfurled?

July 21, 1915. —*Mail and Empire, Toronto.*
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXXV.

## THE DOCTOR

His Hands have felt me where I felt my Pain;
  Like Velvet ran they, and the aching fled;
  His Stethoscope stepped on with even tread,
And told the story of my Heart's refrain!
Ah, yes, not once or twice, but times again,—
  By day, or when the kindly sun had sped,
  His Word of Comfort or Advice was said,
And Ease returned, and I could Peace attain!

Sometimes his Knowledge taught me what to do,
  But mostly 'twas his Strength became a Base,
On which to rest my Weakness,till it grew
  More Potent in upstanding Power and Grace!
He did not Heal, but gave me Healing's View!—
  God's Messenger in him I truly trace!

May 3, 1936.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XXXVI.

## WHEAT

O Sun, smile on this Sea of waving Wheat!
O Rain, refresh it with thy gentle shower!
O Wind, breathe o'er it with thy subtle Power,
And bid it flourish through the summer heat!
Then, Autumn, come, and make the work complete;
Ripen each acre with thy Golden Dower,
Till Reapers bring it where High Garners tower,
And Men with gladdened eyes the Harvest greet!

Hark! how the Hungry Nations crave this Grain!
"Bread, Bread!" they cry, "That we may live in Peace!
O Plenty, and Content! with us remain,
O Fields, bestow on us your Rich Increase!
We thank Thee, God, for this that Thou didst give,
This Wheat, that faces Death, and bids us live!"

Sept. 26, 1926. —*Northwestern Miller*,
A Hybrid Sonnet. Minneapolis.

# XXXVII.

## THE BUILDING

Pull down my scaffold; let me stand alone!
  For now a Building fair, complete, I rise!
  Let Men come view me; touch me, criticize;
Yet use me, all from base to coping stone!
From One man's inward sight and thought, I've grown;
  Through many men's endeavors and emprise,
  Till now, a Glory in admiring eyes,
I gleam, a finished Work,—a Flower full-blown!

Clean Industry has thus created me,
  In Industry's grand Cause to serve my part;
I was made true and strong that I might be
  The Guarantor of Truth and Strength in Art;
All that I do shall be as Good renowned,
And sounder be, because I first was sound!

Jan. 1, 1928. —*American Mutual Magazine*,
A Hybrid Sonnet. Boston.

# XXXVIII.

## THE GRAND ADVENTURE

He'd probed Earth's secrets with his eager eyes;
All climes had stamped their mint-marks on his face;
In every look and lineament was the trace
Of stern achievement, and of bold emprise.
Men had he fought 'neath cool, and tropic skies;
Lions had licked the dust in bloody chase;
Scaled were sharp peaks, and dared the desert space;
Always a victor, whate'er Fate devise.

But now the Ship had spread her ghostly sail
To fare for him the final Silent Sea,
And round his couch they stood to sadly wail,
But through his pain, he said, all quietly:
"Friends, do not grieve because I must be gone;
My Greatest Dare comes with my Grandest Dawn!

Aug. 18, 1917. —*Christian Advocate*. New York.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XXXIX.

## IN GOD'S CATHEDRAL

In God's Cathedral there is naught but Praise!
  The columned Firs uprise in stately trust,
  And bear the turquoise vault with quiet thrust,
Their plumy capitals in light ablaze.
Below in shade the younger Hemlocks raise
  A pale green mist like incense-smoke that must
  Waft upward from repentant, yearning dust
Some prayer for pardon, and for Hope that stays.

The faithful Ferns have spread their pleading palms,
  And listen as the organ-wind resounds,
While choral Birds chant sweet their holy psalms:
  All Passion flees, and Peace alone abounds.
To God's Cathedral bring no jarring tone,
Heart of my Soul, bow thou before the Throne!

Aug. 18, 1917. —*East and West*, Toronto.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XL.

## THE DEVASTATOR

You who proclaim yourself the "Torch of God,"
To set the Lands ablaze with Flame of War,
And scourge presumptuous Nations, near and far,
That dare to doubt the anointing of your Rod;
You, who have broken Troth, and plighted Word;
Who slew the Innocents that clogged your way,
And rushed to Fire, and Force, and Bloody Fray,
To swell your Glory and to glut your Sword:

Look on the Devastation you have wrought:
The Ravaged Homes, the Dead, the Broken Hearts;
The Want, the Woe with which each day is fraught;
This Hell on Earth which your Ambition starts!
Dare you to scan what you have sacrificed,
And still say, "Brother!" to the gentle Christ?

Sept. 14, 1914. —*Living Church, Milwaukee,*
A Hybrid Sonnet. Wis.

# XLI.

## IN A WASHINGTON FOREST

*(Written during a visit to Sol Duc Hot-Springs Washington State)*

TO THE COUNTESS VON GIRSEVALD

Huge Pillar-Firs rise round me straight, serene,—
  Brown pillars, mossed and flecked with lichens gray;
  So thick they throng, their shadows dim the day
That filters through the roof of sombre green
In golden shafts to shatter on the sheen
  Of light vine-maple leaves, that spread their spray,
  So fairy-like, so flutteringly gay,
Among the grim, dark trunks they stand between.

The yielding floor of twigs and matted spines,
  Dead memories of many a sunny ray,
Is carpeted with ferns, and moss, and vines,
  So soft, my foot falls soundless as I stray.
Here Peace and Silence in their Temple dwell,
And bows my Heart beneath their magic spell!

July 3, 1914.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

—*American Forestry*,
Washington, D.C.

# XLII.

## MY CASTLE

I've built a Castle in the crystal air;
Of Sunshine, Moonlight, Star-beam is it made;
By Fairy Artists are its Walls arrayed;
And busy Elves have decked its Turrets fair;
Tall Pinnacles with Light are gleaming there,
In amethystine tints, and Pearl, and Jade;
Its Windows smile with Rainbow hues displayed;
Its Portals swing ajar with Welcome rare!

I roam at will all through its stately Halls,
And dream of Grand Accomplishment and Fame;
I'm thrilled,—and yet,—and yet,—somehow it palls;
An incompleteness seems to foil its Aim.
There's something lacking, that is very plain!
I wonder, is it? Yes, a Chatelaine!

March 25, 1928. —*Daily Province*, Vancouver.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XLIII.

## VICTORIA IN VICTORIA

*To the beautiful Bronze Statue by Bruce Joy, in front of the Parliament Buildings, Victoria, B.C.*

She came not in her days of flesh, but now
  Her spirit's here, in lasting bronze, to bide
  In this Fair City by the Sunset Tide,
Which with her Name in youth she did endow;
That Diadem of bronze that crowns her brow;
  That Queenly Sceptre sloped against her side,
  Shall into crumbs and primal dust divide,
Before that Name shall to Oblivion bow!

O quiet eyes, that seem to watch in hope
  This City Namesake, still in shy amaze,
Before grand portals that the Morrows ope,
  Dreaming the radiant dreams of Dawning Days,
Shall ye behold these Visions brought to view?
Yes, yes, ye shall, if we to trust are true!

June 19, 1921. —*Daily Times, Victoria.*

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XLIV.

## PEBBLES

I lie outstretched upon the pebbled shore!—
  Sun-flooded pebbles, each with friendly hand
  Soothing my skin, and too, with sweet command
My restless nerves, so troubled heretofore!
The boisterous waves, with endless rush and roar,
  Have brought me these, and strewn them on the land;
  I call them: "Little Brothers of the Strand,"
Because they seem to love me daily more!

Yet, 'tis the Sun who really is my Friend;
  Without his fire the Pebbles were so chill;
So dull and sombre they could not extend
  Their cosy comfort, and their healing Thrill!
Then, kiss me fondly, and your soothing lend,
  O Pebbles, Pebbles, my full yearning fill!

July 14, 1836.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# XLV.

## GLADIOLI

*To Mrs. Margaret Murray, Sooke, B.C.*

Who'll guard the Garden as sweet Beauty's Home;
Who'll be her Sentinel to ward off Woe?
Will you, Gladioli, do Sentry-go?
You Truest Watchers 'neath high Heaven's dome?
"Aye, Aye! Our Swords shall spring from out the loam,
All in stiff ranks our blades we'll marshal so,
For Beauty's sake to thrust forth every Foe,
No matter what to us from Fate may come!"

Came Summer; Beauty crowned them with her praise!
She cried: "You, too, shall in my beauty share,
For faithful watching through the growing days,
Deserves reward supremely rich and rare!
Gladioli, receive my richest Dowers;
From henceforth bear my Garden's gayest Flowers!"

Aug. 12, 1936. —*Blue River Anthology.*

A Hybrid Sonnet.

*One day, after I had visited the late Mrs. Murray at her home, Well Park, Sooke, B.C., she gave me a huge bouquet of Gladioli, to take home.*

# XLVI.

## MY BOOKS

Before my eyes their magic courses run,
  My books, in motley colors, odds or pairs,
  And through their lettered backs a Kingdom stares
My eager eyes,—a Realm of Faery spun!
For what I want of soberness, or Fun
  Is here. This hand I stretch, as one who dares
  To freeze in icy caves with Polar bears,
Or scorch with Kaffirs under Afric's sun:

I stretch the other, and I mount a Throne,
  Or strive with Armored knights for Beauty's eyes;
Descend to Hell, or starve in regions lone,
  Or rise on wings and thread the orbéd skies!
I am contented, for I have, you see,
The Wishing-Cap of Eld so close to me!

—*Daily Times*, Victoria, B.C.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XLVII.

## LONGFELLOW

No war-winged Pegasus thy flights sustained;
Nor classic Muse compelled thy murmured lay,
But from the Heights of Peace, where Angels stay,
Did one descend, nor in thine ear refrained
From whisp'ring words of Hope and Love. Contained
In simple strains they left thy lips anew,
To gladden weary Hearts; with hope imbue
The Captive whom dull Sorrow had enchained.

O Longellow, thou hast thy wish indeed!
What songs than thine could have a nobler end?
For down the aisles of Time thy name shall read:
"The Fireside Poet," and "The Children's Friend."
We'll twine a Wreath Immortal for thy brow,
For thou didst sing of Hearts, and thrill'st them now!

Aug. 13, 1905. —*Westminster*, Toronto.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XLVIII.

## THE ADVENTURER

Nor Land, nor Sea, nor Air holds aught to daunt
  The daring Heart that probes their mysteries;
  Nor Height, nor Depth, nor Distance,—none of these
But some Adventurer shall scorn its taunt!
Not with the bombast of an empty vaunt,
  But High Achievement, or sheer Scorn of Ease
  Urges him onward where the Vision please,
Alert and eager as on some gay jaunt!

What is the guerdon of the Questing Soul?
  Surely the struggle, and the Pulse of Blood!
These sound the onset urging to the Goal:
  These sing the paean o'er all fire and flood!
Joy of the Conquest gives its glamour, too,
But, Oh, how brief! The tocsin calls anew!

Feb. 31, 1931. —*Sun*, Vancouver.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# XLIX.

## AMONG THE DOUGLAS FIRS

The road had wound through blazing heat and dust,
  But here it enters this grand forest aisle,
  And, glad, I throw me down to rest a while,
And with the Firs commune, and eat my Crust;
They speak to me of Quietness, and Trust;
  Of Peace that does all petty cares beguile;
  I tell them how I'm worn by Woe and Wile;
They say, "Look up as we, thou'lt stand the thrust!"

No Theban Pharaoh's giant-pillared Fane,
  Was such a pure and holy shrine as this,
Which God rears for His Glory, and our Gain,
  And bids us share the Beauty, and the Bliss!
Great Columns, carved with Time's mysterious runes,
That Men would read ye, bowing for their boons!

Aug. 16, 1923. —*English Journal*, Chicago.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# L.

## IN AN INDIAN VILLAGE

*(Yaculta, Quadra Island, Gulf of Georgia)*

A tall, grim Totem, carved in weird design,
  Where Man and Beast grotesquely interlace,—
  Strange heraldry of this fast-passing Race,
Stands like a sentinel to guard the line
Of new, bright-painted Cottages, the sign
  Of progress, and Time's onward-pushing pace;
  For they who held in savage years this place,
Now scorn the Old, and after New things pine.

Yonder lie relics of the Former Days,
  Dry-rotting grayly in the summer heat,
And soon they'll pass with memories of Old Ways,
  To find at last oblivion complete!
Rebuild, Yaculta, but upon the Cross;
Then shalt thou find true Gain and never Loss!

Aug. 13, 1923. —*Daily Province,* Vancouver.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LI.

## AT DUNDARAVE

*(Dundarave is a suburb of North Vancouver.)*

I saw, while on the shore at Dundarave,
The Sun die, drowned in seas of amethyst,
His flaming arms high-flung, an agonist
In prayer to Clouds that hearkened not to save;
But o'er the face of every glancing wave
There stole a radiance as his beams they kissed,
For Light, the magic-fingered Alchemist,
Had touched to gold dark trappings of his Grave.

High through the Clouds the gleaming grandeur swelled;
The Mountains, Trees, and Rocks flung back the glow;
But all the rage and riot quick were quelled;
One vast, calm World of Splendor watched him go,
He sank in Peace, for in his Ocean Tomb,
He found a Glory where he dreaded Gloom!

Nov. 11, 1922. —*Daily Province*, Vancouver.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LII.

## A LESSON

Oftimes in School, the Master with his chalk
  Writes out a goodly precept on the board,
  And leaves it there until its truth is stored
Within the mind to blossom in the walk,
Then, quickly comes, erasing brush in hand,
  And that fair line has passed forever out,
  Leaving no trace of what it was about,—
But on the floor there lies a film of sand;

So, when the tender Master of the World,
  Shall at his will me from Life's Board erase,
  Leaving the spot I held so short a space,
To drift in dust by wanton breezes whirled,
May there be something that my Life has said,
That others reading, grow by what they've read!

June 23, 1921. —*Rotarian*, Chicago
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LIII.

## MY HOMELAND

*(An Englishman is supposed to have heard the Larks singing in Victoria—the only place in North America where the English Lark has been successfully introduced—and the music has awakened memories of Childhood.)*

My Heart is thrilled by this so magic Song!
An English Lark's, yet far from England's shore;
Dear days of Youth in that Fair Land of Yore
Evoke their Visions in a flooding throng:
I, young again, in Kentish meads, among
Rose hedges, see the Singing Atom soar,
And stand in rapture while the notes downpour;
Oblivious of all, as they prolong!

My Homeland! I could never thee forget;
Each circling Sun but renders thee more dear;
Let but the Hand of Memory touch me yet,
Thy lovely features to my mind appear!
No sweeter linking, could my Heart desire,
Than songs descending, as the Larks aspire!

Feb. 23, 1935. —*Western Recorder*, Vancouver.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LIV.

## APRIL'S TEARS

I would not chide thee, April, for thy tears!
  Nay, let them fall, a soft life-giving rain,
  For I can see far Gladness through near Pain;
The Resurrection after Death's dark fears!
It is not Grief thy gentle heart that sears,
  But, woman-like, thy Joy a-surge again
  Hurtles thy heart-strings with so tense a strain,
Something must break e'er calmness reappears.

So gush the showers from thy tender eyes,
  Yet all the while lurks Joy within their deeps,
For, when from sodden Earth new grasses rise,
  And tree-buds waken from their sullen sleeps,
Thou slowly wipest all thy tears away,
And, smiling, givest glad thy hand to May!

April 30, 1930. —*National Home Monthly,*
A Hybrid Sonnet. Winnipeg.

# LV.

## REALIZATION

He saw it plain, this dreaming Architect;
With rapid strokes he lightly sketched its lines;
Then, patiently, with rule and square, designs
Grew daily more detailed and more correct.
Now on a site brisk Workmen swift collect,
And busy Toil with raucous Noise combines,
Till soon a Hive of Industry enshrines
This growing thing all eagerly project.

It seems to swell with ever-budding Pride,
And dons the bloom of Beauty and of Grace,
Till finished, Lo, the scaffoldings subside,
And stands the Building nobly in its place!
O Architect, thrice happy man are you,
Who of all men can make his dreams come true!

July 14, 1930. —*American Mutual Magazine,*
A Hybrid Sonnet. Boston, Mass.

# LVI.

## GOLDEN SUNSHINE

How sweetly does the Sunshine kiss the trees,
  The flowers, grass, and gray-green mossy rock!
It works in them a magic, too, and frees
  That Power that does the Golden Touch unlock;
A rarer Gold is this than Midas knew,
  For none can bear it off for selfish use,
And one approaching with the Spoiler's view,
  Finds it take wings, like things the Elves produce;
Yet 'tis pure gold, this benison God-sent,—
  Pure gold attenuate to liquid form,—
To Nature's work angelic burnishment,—
  A gleam of Heaven gilding o'er the norm!
All calm beholders bear away the prize,
When they can drink it with delighted eyes!
A Shakespearean Sonnet.

# LVII.

## "BETHLEHEMS"

Heaven was nearest Earth, that Holy Morn,
When Angels sang the Birth at Bethlehem;
Proud Magi came with Myrrh, and Gold, and Gem,
And humble Shepherds with their Crooks work-worn;
Lowly and high adored the Babe new-born,
As they together kissed His garment-hem;
A God! King! Brother! was the Child to them,
A Vision holding all Time's blight in scorn!

And Heaven comes to Earth anew today,
Where'er a new-born Baby cradled lies,
And God is closest in that purest ray,
That shines from out the little wondering eyes!
Homes rich or poor that guard a Baby's smile,
Are surely Bethlehems of God the while!

Jan. 29, 1929. —*Christian Advocate, N.Y.*

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LVIII.

## CENTENARY

One Hundred Years have stretched their storied days,
  Since that spring morn James Douglas stepped ashore,
  And our dear soil his eager foot-steps bore
To where Victoria soon would Bastions raise,
And cedarn Walls uprear in blank amaze
  Of stolid Natives, coming more and more
  With garnered pelts to this New Trading-Store,
Bart'ring for trinkets; learning White-Man's ways!

Since then, this Fort has grown into a Town,—
  A City, swelling greater, year by year,—
A Sea-Port harb'ring ships from up and down
  This Coast, as well as Countries far and near;
A Capital expanding in Renown,—
  Our Home of Beauty Fair, without compeer!

March 6, 1944. —*Centenary*, Victoria.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

*Written in Honor of the Centenary of Victoria, B.C., 1843-1943*

# LIX.

## JERUSALEM

Jerusalem, we lift our longing eyes,
To where thou sittest on thy shrouded Hills,
All bowed in grief beneath thine age-long ills,
And stunned with woes that from dark years arise!
Raise thy sad face, and cease thy sobbing cries!
Look where the East all red with Dawning thrills!
Thy Sun of Hope thy Day with Promise fills!
Rise thou, and gird thee for a New Emprise!

Hark, how thy Sons seem stirring with new Fire!
See how they turn to thee from every Shore!
Hearts throb again with long-suppressed desire;
Every fond Soul is tingling to the core!
Soon Hallelujahs shall atune thy lyre,
And Zion's songs replace thy sighing sore!

Dec. 4, 1927. —*Jewish Forum*, N.Y.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# LX.

## TO MY PEN

There is magic in the touch of you,
My Pen, for when your slender shaft I take,
And daintily your arid nib-thirst slake
In the Black Well, Mind-Pictures rise to view,
And all the Founts of Thought reviving too,
At first but slow, then copious, wide awake,
A steady current do they running make,
Through Brain, Arm, Hand, out at your tracing true!

O what may you not give the World from me?
Songs of the Heart, or Tales for Fancy's fare;
Knowledge to Youth; for Age a comfort sure,—
There are no bounds to all your flowing free,
Save that the Founts might shrink up dry and bare.
Yet, while they run, God make them fair and pure!

June 29, 1928. —*Daily Province*, Vancouver.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# LXI.

## TO THE TYPEWRITER

To Miss Elizabeth Macmillan

*A life-long Friend of the Author, who, for many years conducted a Business School on Government Street, Victoria*

Compact, high-strung, yet so demure, I stand,
All ready for your fingers on my keys,
So, touch them smartly, yet with firmness, please,
And I shall answer your exact demand!
"Tap-tap" you go; "Click-clack" I answer bland,
Sure that each part responds in perfect ease:
On, line-by-line, the letters swarm like bees!
With keenest eye now let your work be scanned!
There, see your thoughts set forth in neat array,
Clean to the eye, and clear unto the brain!
My proudest boast is that I can display
Your best ideas so superbly plain.
Trust me with tasks; delighted I'll obey!
There goes my bell! Your honor I'll maintain!

July, 1935. —*Daily Times*, Victoria.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# LXII.

## THE LINOTYPE

Deft fingers touch the magic keys, and Lo!
With jingling music, and with merry haste,
The Letter-moulds come tumbling to be placed
Like waiting Fairies in a rigid row;
Then clamped, they're smothered in a fiery flow
Of molten metal, on whose edge is traced
The words the matrices have firmly spaced,
And now a line-of-type drops down below.

Then swoops upon the moulds the arm of fate,
And lifts them back to that grim bar on high,
Which, aye revolving, ruthlessly sedate,
Seizes and drops them with a tinkling sigh,
Back into that oblivion whence they came,
Until the Keys once more a Summons frame!

March 18, 1928. —*Inland Printer*, Chicago.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LXIII.

## PRINTING

Great Thoughts by Art are shrined in Magic Words;
The Writer's fluent Pen has set them down,
To send them winging through the Land like Birds.
In eager hope of winning Fair Renown:
Yet, might they fall to Eearth, mere useless sherds,—
So few could fare to read from Field and Town,
But comes the Printer, and his loins upgirds,
And dons, in mystic Task, his inky gown;
Quick fly his Fingers o'er his lettered case,
And soon a leaden setting in reverse,
Is placed within his Press,—then round wheels race,
And Lo! what countless copies to disperse!
Now, all the Land is full of Eyes a-flame,
As Thought meets Soul in Mutual Acclaim!
A Shakespearean Sonnet.

# LXIV.

## DESPAIR

I climbed the sky, and swept down all the stars;
  I hid the Moon behind a mound of Grief;
  The Sun within a Well of Tears; no leaf
I left on any Tree, and with great scars
I gashed the flowered Meads; whatever mars
  The joy of Sight and Sound, I made my chief
  Abettors of Despair and crushed Belief;
Emprisoning my Soul with brazen bars!

I thought that Love was dead, and God a Lie,
  So Hope expired, and corpse-like lay I prone!
But, Lo! you came, and in your gentle eye,
  I saw Love live, triumphant on his Throne!
With Love alive, God still reigned King Supreme;
So Hope revived, and died my horrid Dream!

Aug. 31, 1928. —*Western Home Monthly*,
A Hybrid Sonnet. Winnipeg.

# LXV.

## GRAIN ELEVATORS

Sky-towering Barrels rise in rigid rows,
  As holding Giants' Provender in store,
  While panting Trains rush up, and empty more,
And yet still more, through mouths that scorn repose;
Then, that which inward flowed, in turn outflows!
  Yea, Golden Streams from bursting nozzles pour,
  Repleting Cars and Ships, that heretofore
Yearned, empty-mawed, some burden to enclose!

See, Folk afar stretch out their eager hands,
  Craving a share of all this precious Wheat,
For Death and Hunger stalk through many Lands,
  Snatching poor Mortals lacking Mortal's meat!
But, while these Towering Barrels loom on high,
Men's eyes can smile with hope, and Want defy!

July 22, 1931. —*Onward*, Toronto.

A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LXVI.

## DREAM CASTLE

I've built a Faery Castle for my Dreams! —
  Itself a Dream, with turrets that aspire,
  All radiant in the crimson sunset-fire,
Or scintillant in lustral moonlight beams!
Although a Glory from each window streams,
  And bids me enter with my singing Lyre,
  Yet Fate has foiled fulfilment of Desire,—
Somehow a discord sullies all my Themes!

Is it that you, the Sweetest Dream of all,
  Have not been here to enter at my side?
Perchance, so now I send my loving call:
  "Come, enter, Sweet, my own beloved Bride!
There you and I within its magic wall,
  Shall live our Dreams, and Love shall with us bide!"

June 7, 1936. —*Daily Times*, Victoria.

A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# LXVII.

## THE SUN-BATHER

I like to feel the fingers of the Sun
  Touching my Body with their warm caress,
  Like Angels' hands they seem to heal and bless,
And make my blood in happy courses run;
They seem to say to me: "We have begun
  For you a course of Nature's Wholesomeness,
  Now, aid yourself by Wisdom's No, and Yes,
And Health will come to you, a Kingdom won!

So, here I lie outstretched to all the Good
  That I can drink in from the Magic Rays:
I feel they bring the Blessing that they should,
  Which grows and multiplies with passing days!
Ills, in full flight, withdraw your horrid brood!
  And take, O Sun my thankful meed of Praise!

July 31, 1934. —*Daily Journal*, Edmonton.
A Petrarchan Sonnet.

# LXVIII.

## TIMBERS

They rose around me Pillaring the sky,
  Great giant Firs, in vasty aisles of shade;
  Their majesty a towering Temple made
Devote to Silence, and to God on High!
But now my Heart could raise a woeful cry,
  For all those Forest Monarchs are low-laid;
  Man has destroyed them with his axe's blade,
That Men might market, and that Men might buy!

Yet "Ichabod" shall not be written there,
  For "Glory" is not gone while "Use" remains!
Utility makes compensations rare,
  For what the Forests lose, that Commerce gains!
The World today needs Timbers sound and true,
And for all such there's noble work to do!

July 26, 1933. —*Daily Journal*, Edmonton.
A Hybrid Sonnet.

# LXIX.

## "AT GRANTFORT"

We stand, O Grant, here where thy Doorstep lay,
  And bare our heads in honor of thy Name!
  Our gallant First of Settlers, we acclaim
That eager Spirit thou didst e'er display!
Through Men or trees thou hewedst out a way,—
  Soldier, or Settler, both in manner same,—
  Whate'er opposed thee bowed before that flame
Urging thee onward, be it Task or Fray!

Yet, thou didst go, with but five summers sped,
  Leaving thy Hearthstone to another's fire!
Failure? Ah, No! 'Twas but that thy Heart pled
  For quicker fruitage as thy Labour's hire!
To what seemed Ruin to thy shortened view,
We say, "He builded better than he knew!"
A Hybrid Sonnet.

*Note.—Written for, and read, at "Grantfort," Sooke, B.C., the "Field Day" of the Historical Association, held at "Grantfort," the Residence of Major Cooke,* July 11, 1931. Grantfort is erected on the site of "Achaneach," the house built by Captain W. Colquhoun Grant, British Columbia's First Free Settler, in 1849.*

* *Sooke, V.I., B.C.*

# LXX.

## ALTAR SMOKE

How like an Altar is my chimney there;
And like an offering its fumes arise!
Up, up they mount, just like ascending pray'r,
Till sight no more can seek it in the skies.

And daily is the sacrifice renewed,
As on Moriah's Holy Height of old:—
A suit for Grace, and God's solicitude,
That Peace and Plenty may my hearth enfold.

Let this my Home fore'er a Temple be,—
A House of Refuge from the stress of Care,
And symbol of the Pact, 'twixt God and me,—
This chimney-smoke uprising on the air!
While I as Priest uplift my thankful hands,
And send the blessing God Himself commands!

—*Chatelaine*, Toronto, Ont

A Shakespearean Sonnet.

*The succeeding thirty numbers of these Lyrics are not in Sonnet form, but some are in other set forms, such as Rondeau, Triolet, or Villanelle.*

# LXXI.

## STARS

Across the boundless fields of Heaven
  Are strewn the Blossoms of the Night:
Fair Flowers that open with the even,
  In petals of Celestial Light!
(God planted them for men that grope;
  To cheer their Hearts, and bid them hope!)

In darkest hours their faces shine
  With penetrating clearness there;
(To all still Souls they are Divine;
  They calm and soothe like trustful Prayer!)
Far, far they fleck those fields immense.
  (Yet Hands of Faith may pluck them thence.)

June 16, 1934.

# LXXII.

## QUESTIONS

I asked the Day, "Does God take thought of me?"
  No Voice responded from the Vale, or Height,
But through a rift the Sun smiled airily,
  And all the landscape lilted in the light!

I asked the Night, "Does God still love me so?"
  But Silence seemed to clog her cloudy bars;
A soft, sweet Wind dispelled the Mist, and Lo!
  The deep, dark Sky was all a-thrill with Stars!

Nov. 2, 1918. —*Unity*, Chicago, Ill.

# LXXIII.

## LAWNS

I love wide lawns so cool and green;
Their velvet spaces smile serene,
And lie outspread so smooth and fair,
My heart is taken captive there;
A peace steals o'er my restless mind;
Care flies, and leaves no trace behind;
A mellow glory gilds the hours,
Like evening sunshine on the flowers;
My troubled Soul is filled with calm,
That soothes and heals, like Angels' Balm,
And all things late disjoint, and rude,
Are quelled in holy quietude!
Yea, grand, clean thoughts drive out the mean,
Where Lawns stretch out so cool and green!

June 21, 1920. —*Rotary*, Chicago, Ill.

# LXXIV.

## EAVES

I like to see a house-roof crown its walls,
With good substantial eaves, that overhang
Sufficiently to give the roof the look
Of weight,—a roof worth holding up in fact!
These box-edged eaves flush with the vapid walls,
That modern Architects oft perpetrate,
Remind me of these frantic females, who
Reduce their eyebrows to a frigid line,
To ruin thus their brow's true symmetry.
No, No, dear Builder, weight your roof well down
With bold projecting eaves, bestowing thus
A solid and impressive dignity!

May 13, 1936. —*Victoria Chap Book, 1936.*

# LXXV.

## DOORWAYS

There's such a deal in Doorways,
  That ope to Home or Hall:
They speak to one in more ways,
  Than window, roof or wall.

To me, indeed, each house-front
  Is like a living face,
Its character revealing
  In every tint and trace.

Some houses smile a welcome;
  Some houses leer or frown,
While others just look common,
  Life loafers round a town.

Than other human features
  The mouth expresses more:
So all the House-expression
  Is centred in the Door!

Then, Builder, shape your House-mouth,
  So that its lips may spell
A kindly Christian greeting
  From those who inside dwell.

July 31, 1925. —*Door-Ways*, Aurora, Ill

# LXXVI.

## FREEDOM

*(Terza Rima)*

Oh, would that I could take the Eagle's wing,
  And soar up through the crystal aisles of air,
My heart a-thrill at boundless wandering!

  Swift would my pinions mount in joyous dare,
Straight toward the apex of the arching blue,
  Glad in the glory of the sunshine there.

Full, lung-deep draughts would I ingather, too,
  Of that pure ether that doth endless flow
Beyond the utmost star's faint shining hue:

  Draughts that would fill me with a tingling glow
Searching my every fibre with a fire,
  That ever would but keener, sweeter grow,

Till it attained the height of High Desire!
  Then would I float o'er leagues of lapping sea;
Then o'er the piling mountain's topmost spire,

  All Earth below, all Heaven over me:
Hither and yon, would I my course direct,
  Until my Soul were sated utterly;

Until my heart could no new joy expect,
  But that sweet bliss of those who home return,
With hope fulfilled, and all heart-hunger checked.

There where my hearth-fires warm with comfort burn,
  Would I with friend and book the hours refill.
With Freedom known, I would it gladly spurn,
  And bless the tender bonds of home-love still!

# LXXVII.

## HARP OF TARA

*(A Wish for Ireland)*

Harp of Tara, Harp of Gladness!
End for aye thy Years of Sadness!
Sound no more of mournful dirges;
Crying sore where Sorrow surges;
Erin's Night of Darkness waneth;
Now her Dawn of Morning gaineth!
Wake anew her ancient voices,
Till each glen in glee rejoices;
Wake them into joyous singing;
Let thy golden notes come winging,
Sweet o'er hills, and plains, and valleys
City streets, and darksome alleys;
Tell the World in sounds beguiling,
Erin's tears have turned to smiling!
Let thy happy strings out-pealing,
Bring to sad hearts Hope and Healing.
Erin's Sons, and Erin's Daughters,
Join the mirth of Erin's Waters,
Rippling o'er their shingly shallows,
Through the musk, and moss, and mallows;
On through emerald meadows stretching;
Many a curve and compass fetching,
Till they reach the azure Ocean,
All a-gleam with light and motion!
Lark and throstle start their singing,
And the whole Green Isle is ringing
With the Songs of Freedom's Gladness,
Banishing the Age-long Madness!
Harp of Tara; Soul of Erin!

Sound all Care out; sing all Cheer in;
Lilt of Love, and Light, and Laughter;
Song that leaves no Sighing after;
Joy that had no thought of flying;
Hope that lives all Grief defying!
Then, O Harp of Tara, surely,
Harp of God wilt thou be purely;
Bringing down a Holy Leaven,
Making Erin like to Heaven!

March 28, 1927. —*Christian Family*, Evanston, Ill.

# LXXVIII.

## ARIETTA

*(Love)*

There is a Power
That blesses Life,
In peaceful hour,
Or time of strife!

This Power is Love:
'Tis Life's main theme:
From birth to death
It is supreme!

Love sighs and sorrows;
Love laughs and sings:
Love hurls us beggars:
Love thrones us Kings!

Love's all-pervading,
From sky to sod!
Love is Immortal,
For Love is God!

Feb. 13, 1937. —*Free Press, Winnipeg, Man.*

# LXXIX.

## AUTUMN LEAVES

Summer Danced in golden garments;
  Winter spied her at her play;
Forward sprang and tried to catch her;
  Like the light she flashed away!

Winter cried to Autumn: "Clutch Her!"
  Hold her in your iron clasp!"
Autumn's fingers fast were numbing,
  But her vesture he did grasp!

Summer wrenched herself to freedom,
  Spite of Autumn's stern commands,
But she left her fairy garments,
  Golden tatters in his hands!

Dec. 13, 1809. —*Contemporary Verse*,
Philadelphia, Pa.

# LXXX.

## I PROMISE YOU

I.

I promise you, that I will take your hand,
And go with you to that sweet Summer Land,
Where Love's fair Flowers blow for us alone,
And we can cull and claim them for our own.
Those Violets, that tell of Innocence,
And breathe their fragrance everywhere, and whence
Our Love shall feed, and grow more fondly true,
I promise you, I promise you!

II.

I promise you, that I will lay my Heart
Upon Love's Altar there, as set apart,
For you, and you alone, for aye and aye,
Till Earth and all its cares shall pass away,
And Heaven with its endless Dawn of Peace
Shall rise, and straightway shall our Love increase,
And grow all-perfect in God's holy view,
I promise you, I promise you!

April 29, 1916. —*Western Home Monthly*,
Winnipeg, Man.

*A Reply Song to DeKoven's famous Song—*
*"O Promise Me"*

# LXXXI.

## NOVEMBER

All clouds are grays;
  The wind bites!
What spiteful days!
  What wild nights!

How mourns the grass!
  The trees weep!
Sad faces pass;
  All hearts sleep!

All? No, there's one!
  One eye-gleam!
Breaks through clouds dun,
  A sun-beam!

Oft ashes cold
  A spark hide;—
A breath; Behold,
  A flame's spied!

November chill,—
  Numb hands, feet,
But warm throbs still
  Thy Heart-beat!

The sleepy Year's
  Last sigh, thou;
His futile tears,
  Are done now!

To all things rest,
  Is God's Law,—
The last is best!
  No scheme flaw!

There are no Ends,
  Lasts firsts bring:
When Winter wends,—
  All Hail, Spring!

July 12, 1918. —*Globe*, Toronto, Ont.

# LXXXII.

## MY HIGHWAY

O Highway,
You're my way,
Wherever you may lead;
I'll thread you,
And tread you,
To Earth's far end, if need!

You lure me;
Assure me,
And tempt me out along;
You guide me,
And tide me,
And set my tongue a-song!

Your turnings,
And spurnings;
Your up-the-hill and down,
Delight me;
Invite me,
To city and to town.

I yearn you,
And learn you;
I test your every winding;
Your treasures,
And pleasures,
Are surely worth the finding!

Yes, Highway,
You're my way;
You bid me far to roam,
But, some time,
Will come time,
When safe you'll bring me home!

June 23, 1935. —*Broadcast from "Beachcombers,"*
Ashtabula, O.

# LXXXIII.

## THE ROBIN AND THE ROWAN TREE

O Robin in the Rowan Tree,
What do you there so busily?
I see you flit and flutter;
I hear you chirp and mutter!

You make the branches shake and shiver
The scarlet Berries nod and quiver;
Some fall into the street;
Are crushed beneath men's feet;

But you go on unceasingly,
You are a Wanton. Now, I see;
You steal the Rowan's fruit;
You're wasting it, to boot!

All summer long she's held it fast;
Each cluster safe from every blast,
But stretched them to the sun,
Who kissed them every one!

They blushed blood-red for very glee,
And were a gorgeous sight to see,
All flaring 'mid the green,
Gay leaves they shone between!

But now the leaves are turned to gold,
And one by one they lose their hold;
October's winds at play,
Are coaxing them away.

And then you come, red-breasted thief,
And fill the Rowan's dole of grief;
You loot, with wicked pleasure
Her ruby-tinted treasure.

Ah, well, perhaps you're not so bad,
But Glory passing makes one sad;
We hate to see the end
Of some loved thing or friend!

You're helping Nature in her task,
So do it thoroughly, I ask.
Both you, and Wind, you pair,
Must strip the Tree quite bare.

Then unimpeded in the Spring,
The Tree will start rebourgeoning,
And greater glories blaze
Throughout the summer days!

Oct. 20, 1918. —*Ajax, Alton, Ill.*

# LXXXIV.

## O CANADA

O Canada, we sing thee glad acclaim!
Our joyous Land, we hail thy honored Name!
God send thee blessings from Above,
And keep thee fair and free;
Protect thy shores, O Land we love,
And guard thy Unity!
O Canada, for thee we stand,
Firm all and fearless; strong in heart and hand,
For God and King, our Home and Native Land!

O Canada, our Fathers lived for thee;
Fought, bled, and toiled for thy Prosperity!
With brain and brawn, then, built they well,
Foundations deep and sure,
So that the Land wherein we dwell,
Might live, and long endure!
O Canada, for thee we stand,
Firm all and fearless; strong in heart and hand,
For God and King, our Home, and Native Land!

April 11, 1920. —*Daily Times*, Victoria, B.C.

# LXXXV.

## FLING WIDE THE DOORS TO CHRISTMAS

Fling wide, O World, to Christmas
  Thy many doors today!
Bid its good spirit enter,
  And let it have full sway;
Let no clime miss its greeting,
  No people fail to hear
Its message of rejoicing,
  Its melody of cheer!

Hark, how the bells ring cheerily,
  To hail the Holy Morn,
So light, and sweet, and merrily,
  Proclaiming, "Christ is born!"

Fling wide, O Home, to Christmas
  Thy happy doors today!
For Love comes with its footsteps,
  And Peace and Joy to stay.
Let all within thy portals,
  Yield homage glad, sincere,
And Christmas Day will ever
  With blessings crown the year.

O Bells, ring out imploringly
  To all who moan or mourn,
That they may come adoringly,
  And learn of Christ, new-born!

Fling wide, my Heart, to Christmas
Thy selfish doors today!
Learn thou its holy music;
Catch thou its golden ray;
Then from thy depths will echo
In tender tones again,
The glorious Christmas tidings,
"Peace and good will to men!"

O Bells, ring, ring increasingly!
Ring out all scathe and scorn!
Ring out the news unceasingly
That Christ, Love's King, is born!

—*American Mutual Magazine*. Boston, Mass.

# LXXXVI.

## HATS

When she wears her *old* hat,
She just looks a dowdy!
As sure as that's that,
When she wears her old hat,
Just common and fat,
She resembles a rowdy!
When she wears her old hat,
She just looks a dowdy!

When she wears her *new* hat,
She sure is a stunner!
She knows where she's at
When she wears her *new* hat!
She knocks me as flat,
As a sudden-tripped runner
When she wears her *new* hat,
She *sure* is a stunner!

Feb. 28, 1938.

A Triolet.

# LXXXVII.

## IN PIACENZA

I.

In Piacenza,
A sweet cadenza,
  Of a song came out to me
I stood to listen,
With stars a-glisten,
  My heart a-thrill with ecstasy!

II.

'Twas cara mia,
Divine Lucia,
  A-lilting to her friendly lute,
Before disposing,
For night's reposing,
  Her lovely form in slumber mute.

III.

The song was fleeting,
Of lovers' sweeting,
  Yet full of tender charm and grace;
It held me breathless
Its magic deathless,
  Spread Love's own glamour o'er the place,

IV.

O Piacenza,
That sweet cadenza
  Has throned thee all the Earth above,
For in thy via,
I heard Lucia,
  And on that night I learned to love!

November 21, 1934.

# LXXXVIII.

## LOVE'S ROSE

*(Song Poem)*

There is only one Rose in the wide, wide World,
And it grows for me, and it blows for me;
And the heart of that Rose is dew-impearled,
Yet it grows for me; yet it blows for me!

O my eyes they feast on its tints so clear!
Does it grow for me? Does it blow for me?
And its perfume fills my heart with cheer!
Yes, it grows for me,—yes, it blows for me!

Some day I will gather it from its rest,
Still it grows for me; still it blows for me;
And I'll place it so tenderly in my breast,
For it grows for me, and it blows for me!

Oct. 18, 1905. —*The Globe*, Toronto, Ont.

# LXXXIX.

## TO LUCILE

Lucile, Lucile,
My heart you steal;
  You filch it with your eyes!
But, Oh, Lucile,
Some pity feel
  I pray you for your prize!
If not, Lucile,
'Twill swift congeal,
  And shrivel in long sighs!

Ah, then, Lucile,
How will you feel,
  When all my love is dead?
Your heart, Lucile,
Will never heal;
  Your joy will all have fled!
So, sweet Lucile,
Come woe, come weal,
  Let our two hearts be wed!

Summer, 1907. —*Western Home Monthly,*
Winnipeg, Man.

# XC.

## MY HOMELAND, CANADA

I scorn no other land;
  No other Nation shun,
But my heart's love, all lands above,
  Is centred upon one,—
The Land that brought me forth;
  That nurtured me in peace;
That taught me love of Right and Worth,
  And bids my soul increase;
The Land a-brim with beauty rare,
  My Homeland, Canada the Fair!

'Tis my Land and Thy Land
  That round about us lies!
A Great Land, a Gate-Land,
  A Land of Shining Eyes;
A New Land, a True Land,
  A Land that God doth bless;
This Flower Land is Our Land,
  To build in Righteousness!

Oh, live for Canada,
  So that her honored Name
Might never smirched or sullied be,
  Or brought to scorn or shame;
For she's our Mother dear;
  We owe her faith and trust,
And reverence, and loyal fear,—
  Our tribute due, and just,—
For her dear sake we'll do and dare,
  Our Homeland, Canada the Fair!

'Tis My Land, and Thy Land,
This Heritage outspread
This Wide Land, this Bride-Land
So bountiful with Bread!
This keen Land, this Clean Land,
This Land of Radiant Hue;
This Flower-Land is Our Land
To build by Service True!

Jan. 20, 1929. —*Daily Province,* Vancouver B.C.

# XCI.

## POVERTY

Loss and Lack may Growth deter;
  Let thy Soul refuse to bow;
Poverty can be a Spur!

When the Future seems a blur,
  Think thee of the needs of Now;
Loss and Lack can Growth deter!

Then bid all thy Powers stir;
  Thy roused Soul will show thee how
Poverty can be a Spur!

Careful tread lest thou shouldst err,
  Sinking deeper in the slough,
Loss and Lack may Growth deter!

Heedless of all slash and slur,
  To thyself do thou avow,
"Poverty shall be my Spur!"

Thou shalt be the Conqueror,
  Standing with uplifted brow!
Loss and Lack did not deter;
  Poverty was but my Spur!

April 8, 1931.
A Villanelle.

—*Daily Province,*
Vancouver, B.C.

# XCII.

## REPENTANCE

He tore the Rose and trampled it,
  And cast it on the ground,
But Zephyrs came consolingly,
  And bore its fragrance round;

That Fragrance reached the Cruel One;
  He turned with guilty start,
And, all in tears he raised the Rose,
  And placed it next his Heart!

August 16, 1917. —*National Home Monthly*, Winnipeg.

# XCIII.

## ON BEACON HILL—THE BROOM

On Beacon Hill the Broom is out;
Its golden flames are flung about,
  Along the blue sea's emerald rim
  And o'er the low Hill's curving brim,
These Sinai-bushes blazing, shout!

We saw them late, in sullen pout;
"You can't praise God!" we cried in doubt,
  But now they vie with Seraphim,
                On Beacon Hill!

The Whole Hill is one Glory-rout;
Each Broom Bush, twig, and tiny sprout,
  Seems bursting forth in praise to Him,
  To farthest tip of tiniest limb,
A floral Anthem, rich, devout,
                On Beacon Hill!

—*Daily Times*, Victoria.

Victoria, B.C., June 24, 1943.

A Rondeau.

# XCIV.

## ROSES

I.

You ask for a Rose;
  There's none in my Garden!
You will grieve, I suppose;
You ask for a Rose;
And summer swift goes!
  So grant me your pardon;
You ask for a Rose;
  There's none in my Garden!

II.

You'll have my first Rose,
  For late did I plant one:
Don't turn up your nose;
You'll have my first Rose,
If the days don't oppose,
  And Providence grant one!
You'll have my first Rose,
  For late did I plant one!

III.

Now, here is a Rose!
  The first from my Garden!
'Twas the gift that you chose,
A rich blooming Rose!
When Life reads its prose,
  Then things seem to harden
But, here is a Rose,
  The first from my Garden!

Feb. 28, 1938.

A Lyric in Triolets.

# XCV.

## A MILLION STARS

The radiant Sun has left the skies,
And Night has raised her sable bars;
A million stars
Smile at me with their blinking eyes!

Each Star a speck of golden light,
Yet each one darts his ray so true,
As though he knew
He was God's Lamp to bless my night!

A lamp; a World! Stupendous plan!
What Being less than very God,
Could strew abroad
A million Worlds to cheer a Man?

April 13, 1912. —*East and West*, Toronto, Ont.

# XCVI.

## THE SONG SUBLIME

Sometimes as I sit in silence,
To my ear there comes a tune,
Faint, yet sweet as Song of Angels
Wafted on a breath of June!

All my being thrills with rapture,
As the chant melodic swells;
Right into my Soul it searches,
Chiming like celestial bells!

Almost I can hear the message
That the music bears along;
Yet my ears seem just too heavy
So to sense the magic Song!

But my Heart can faintly fathom
What those tones would peal abroad;
For it flies from brooding sorrow,
Seeking Love, and Peace, and God.

Oh! that I could voice its music;
Mould its thoughts in ringing rhyme;
All the World would pause to listen:
That would be the Song Sublime!

Feb. 24, 1917. —*Cycle*, Homestead, Florida

# XCVII.

## THE SCHOOL ELMS

Before the brick-red Schoolhouse
  Six lordly Elm-Trees rise
With arms outstretched to shade the Earth,
  And up to bless the Skies;
All summer long in gladness
  They've flourished cool and green,
A dream of leafy loveliness
  In cities seldom seen.

But now the suns of autumn,
  Have turned them golden brown,
And oftentimes a gleaming shower
  October's wind brings down.
Down, down the leaves come floating,
  And the children, one and all,
Strive in their wholesome joyousness,
  To catch them e'er they fall.

Each Tree's a Giant Chalice,
  Heaped full of fairy flakes
That Knowledge scatters far and wide
  For her Disciples' sakes!
Then, catch them, children, catch them,
  And cast them not away,
And the Tree will burgeon in your hearts,
  For ever and a day!

Oct. 25, 1913. —*English Journal*, Chicago.

*Six lovely Elm Trees used to stand in front of South Park School in Victoria, B.C.*

# XCVIII.

## YOUTH AND LOVE

The hours are glad ,the skies for ever fair,
  When Youth and Love go gaily, hand in hand,
And eyes are gates to Realms sublime and rare,
  Where Joy and Beauty tread the Faery Strand.

Care has no Castle in this Flowery Land,
  And Trouble trims his flight to sterner air;
  The hours are glad, the skies for ever fair
When Youth and Love go gaily hand in hand.

Then Memory's fingers Weave a Crown to wear,
  That Time's all-blighting buffets can withstand,—
A fadeless garland stored with visions there,
  To charm tired ages at its sweet command.
The hours are glad, the skies forever fair,
  When Youth and Love go gaily hand in hand.

Aug. 8, 1910. —*Westminster*, Toronto, Ont.

A Rondel.

# XCIX.

## ON CANNON BEACH—OREGON

On Cannon Beach the great surfs dash,
Where rocky giants fume and gnash
  Their iron teeth in fruitless rage,
  When flooding seas fling down the gage,
And dare the conflict and the clash.

The greedy waves rude warfare wage
On Eearth's grim keeps from age to age,
And one by one her warders crash
  On Cannon Beach.

O fickle winds, reverse your lash
Of flying scud; nor aid the rash
  Bold billows spoil our heritage!
  But, see, the sands scorn vassalage!
Compact, their force all foes abash
  On Cannon Beach!

Aug. 18, 1919. —*National Marine*, New York
A Rondeau.

# C.

## STAND FAST, O CANADA!

Stand fast, O Canada!
The World is all a-flame
With passionate rebellion;
Dark deeds of blood and shame
Are flaunted in our faces
In Freedom's slandered name!

You braved the Prussian Horde;
That enemy lies prone—
But subtler foes plot ruin
In fields that are your own;
They seek to raise strange structures
On your dear hopes o'erthrown.

Hold fast, young Canada!
You've shown the World you're brave
The times now test your wisdom.
So let no lawless wave
Flood o'er your land and level
Your glory to its grave.

Think hard, dear Canada!
Good things are worth your care;
Let God, and Home, and Honor
Be jewels, precious, rare,
And Peace, and Law, and Order
Their setting true and fair.

Stand fast, Our Canada!
Your past had noble root;
No future can be worthy
That scorns its natal shoot!
Then, let your growth be steady,
And rich shall be your fruit.

July 31, 1919. —*The New Magazine*, Toronto.

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Fraser, Donald Andrew
My nugget-poke

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